

(STEEPLES LIBRARY CIRW 2301)

**Caledon's complaint against
infamous Libells, &c.**

Vhat raging fury, Guest of horrid night,
Comes arm'd with flames and shakcs
against the Light,
Loos'd, from the chaires of darknesse, to disturbance
The sons of unitie, borne vice to curbe
By Law, not force, wee move, not tumult make,
Wee Justice plead, Sedition doe for sake
None with rebellion our attempts will brand
But who themselves to crush Religion band
By act, or by iarent. Faire Virtue shines,
Reflecting every where from our designes
That whither forc'd, to arme, as to contrarie
Our mildnesse, our Submission to be great
None can denie. For, so with Truth, sweete peace
(Which in our chiefe designes, hath chiefe place)
Joyn'd hands; and did from Heaven salute this Land
Who could the excesse of his joy command
Who would not fall before his sacred Feare,
Whom royll Vertues make a Prince compleete
And Armes lay downe, or at his will employ
Lift Him to honour, and his foes destroy
Who equall with his life his peoples good
Would value, were they rightly understand

But, by Religions overthrow, to gaine
Dishonourable gaine, with Conscience stains
That truth be undermine by Policies,
For Peace shoud wee dispence, Who can deny

This cursed peace, this ignominious calme
Were high rebellion, would the Lord displeas

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Most sacred SOVERAIGNE honour of this Age,
 Thy Justice wee appeale, brought on the Stage
 By close *Camelions*; (foes who friendes appeare)
 Abusing our indulgence and thine Eare,
 Deserving on the parchment of their backe,
 The hang-mans whips, should in characters blacke,
 Draw out each passage of those wicked arts,
 They wuld, to wound thy grievous Subjects hearts,
 And kindle in thy royll Breast a fire
 Which never can bee quench'd, till thy just ire
 Their bloud doe expiate, till vengeance fall
 And from the heavens confound those fire-brands all.

Lo! braine-sick *Cherellus* dare brave our State,
 As at his fancie thy displeasures spait
 Were readie to breake forth. Darre hee repine
 That Light, throughout this glorious Yle doth shine,
 For which, tos narrow *Europ* shall bee found,
 Before the worke bee with the issue crown'd.

Base lies now vents hee, now with malice stings
 Those honour'd *Heralds* of the King of Kings;
 Chaifes, that from mongst our honey-bees wee drive,
 Those *Wasps*, whose venome had infect'd the hyve.
 That wee, those limbs of *Amichrist* abjure,
 Unmitting monsters that did court the *Whorre*
 Of *Rome*, this Land adventuring to defile,
 And make through their abominations vile.

Now, to our charge distoyaltie is laide,
 That (*Parricids*) wee dare the Throne invade,
 Rob *Cesar* of his due, disclaime our head,
 And limits of alleageance doe exced.

O hight of hate! O hellish impudence!
 To thinke, that men of honour could dispence
 With conscience, with their duetie to a King,
 So good, so just, so wisely governing.
 Whose *Love*, as of a Fathers, found we have,
 As of a Master wee his favour crave,

His *side* as of a Lord ; since Fathers love,
 And Sons obedience , hand in hand doe move
 To homage , and protection , mutually
 Since true relation Prince and people tye.

Thy countreys heart doth bleed , her grieves art great
 Both fraud and force conspire against her State .
 Her native liberties encroach'd on are ,
 Which , gain'd with honour , honourably were
 From time to time maintain'd , against the pride ,
 And power , of all that durst against her side .
 Her violated Lawes ; the civill Right
 Of Subjects shaken ; Justice , mar'd by might ,
 Religion vex'd and wrong'd ; (that sacred Band
 Of Amitie , and Union of the Land ,
 The solide Pillar which the State sustaines ,
 By which cemented , firme each piece remaines ;)
 Christs cause , yea Crowne in question ; by the bands
 Of duetie , by the pow'r put in thy hands
 (The regall Scepter , Diadem , and Sword ,
 In *Faith's* defence , entrusted by thy **L O R D**)
 Conjure Thee , while the lowning Skies portend
 A Tempest , to the danger to attend ,
 And wisely to His interest advert ,
 Who count will crave how acted is thy part .
 Those , whom eclipses , more than Sun-light please
 (The birds of prey , which gape for gaine) Those flies
 Which feed upon infection and stinke ,
 Our Camels ; which but troubled stremes can drinke ,
 Divisions Cataracts would open keep ,
 And kindle quarrels which lye buried deep ,
 That Brethren , Pillars of the royall Throne ,
 By **G o d** and Nature , under Thee , made one ,
 One bundell of united shafts ; a Band
 Not easie to bee brash'd by strangers hand ,
 May (thus) be weakened , and receive a wound ,

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Endangering both, which shall not soone be sound.

But ah ! to thinke, that Thou whose aide wee call,
The peoples Pareht, Watch-man on our wall ;
The Geometrick point, with eaven *Aspect*,
Bound all thy bounding Borders to respect ;
The Head, the Heart of the Republicke, made
A God, a Judge, set over good and bade ;
That Thou thy roiall Banners shouldst display,
By Justice Sword, to make thy passion way,
Against a Nation, from defection free,
Who heavens darc face, for their integritie,
O depth of woe ! O hight of passing griefe !
That Thine, who supplicate by Thee relief,
Must arme, and at uncertaine blouds expence,
Bee forc'd, unto an innocent defence.

Dread Sovaigne, Son of *Mars*, if arme thou wilt,
No drop of bloud let bee in *Britaine* spilt.
March, and all *Europe* shall be put in fray,
The *Alpes*, the *Perimees*, shall make Thee way,
Thy neighbouring State, with *Olivers* shall attend,
Thy rightis decission while thou dost suspend.
The *Rhine*, whose streams are swolne with tears, shall
And fears of longer servitude exile.
Romes wals shall tremble, proud *Madrid* shall quake,
When with joynt force thou the fields sha' I take,
With warriours, more then men ; thy *Britanies* bold
Attended, who for feare nor force will fold.
Thy sea-wall'd world, huge colonies shall spair
For peopling kingdomes which usurped are,
By Tyrants bold and blinde, the foes of Truth.
Yea, Thou shalt lead, with *Albions* choicest youth,
(The worhies and the wits of either land)
Our *Archimedes*, who with industrious hand
Reach Natures depths, renewing *Deedas* arts.
Thy *Scots*, with *Gyans* hands and *Lynx* hearts
Shall gallantly go on, whowhiles they live.

